At kingly *Richards* hands in *Palestine*,
When as the walls of *Acon* gaue him way:
His name Sir *Robert Fauconbridge* of *Mountbery*.
What by succession from his Ancestors,
And warlike seruice vnder *Englands* Armes,
His liuing did amount to at his death
Two thousand markes reuenew euery yeare:
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Phil. If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auncient Law,
How should my selfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*?

Ioh. Fond youth, to trouble these our Princely eares,
Or make a question in so plaine a case:
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne?

Robert. Please it your Grace with patience for to heare,
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too: yet in such sort,
As he can make no title to the land.

Ioh. A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire:
Explaine his darke *Ænigma*.

Rob. I grant (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Base borne, and base begot, no *Fauconbridge*.
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My father in his life did count him so,
And heere my mother stands to proue him so:
But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doe auerre
Both to my mothers shame, and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gratious Lord) let *Fauconbridge* enioy
The liuing that belongs to *Fauconbridge*.
And let not him possesse anothers right.

Ioh. Prooue this, the land is thine by *Englands* lawe.

Q. Elin. Vngratious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,

All

All honest eares abhorre thy wic
But gold I see doth beate downe

Moth. My gratious Lord,
That see the teares distilling fro
And scalding sighes blowne from
For honour and regard of woma
Let me entreate to be commaund
Let not these eares heere receiue
Of such a viper, who with poyso
Doth masserate the bowels of my

Ioh. Lady, stand vp, be patient
And fellow, say, whose bastard is t

Phil. Not for my selfe, nor for
But for the honour of so braue a
Whom he accuseth with adulteri
Here I beseech your Grace vpon
To count him mad, and so dismisse

Rob. Nor mad, nor maz'd, but
Charge thee before this royall pr
To be a bastard to King *Richards*
Sonne to your Grace, and brother
Thus bluntly, and

Elian. Young-man, thou need
Nor of thy Sire. But forward wit

Rob. The proofe so plaine, the
As that your Highnesse and these
And all saue those that haue no ey
Shall sweare him to be bastard to
First, when my Father was Embass
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
The King lay often at my Fathers
And all the Realme suspected wha
And at my Fathers backe returne
My Mother was deliuered, as tis
Sixe weekes before the account my
But more then this: looke but on
His features, actions, and his linea